



FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, August 4, .... 1810.

[NO. 15.]

## THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

*(Concluded.)*

" TWO days after we took the boat ; the people who conducted it were devoted to my will, and apprized of my purpose, and we departed by break of day.

" During the passage, Antoni, who had the first leaves of the work he intended to publish, upon the singularities of the Cavern of Strozzi, with him, read us the most remarkable passages of it.—Zanetta alone listened to him—she was tranquil, and the serenity of her soul suffered her to dwell with rapture on his words ; while mine, agitated by the intestine tempest which rent my heart, presented a picture of horrible and uncontrollable passions.

" We reached the island, and Antoni landed, elate with satisfaction which science imparts to those who seek it ; Zanetta with timid curiosity, and I meditating guilt.

" After having crossed the space between the sea and the Cavern, we arrived at its entrance.

" Antoni, transported at the

sight, began to explain the wonders of nature which had excited his attention. Zanetta listened attentively to him ; and I, silent and thoughtful, waited the signal of vengeance. I heard it. My ferocious heart leaped with joy, and I felt, by the bitterness of the gall which flowed in my veins, that the pleasures of revenge are more delicious than those of love.

" At the firing of a pistol, which echoed through the Cavern, Antoni was startled, and Zanetta turned pale. I answered it by another. At that moment, to the surprise of my victims, two armed men advanced towards Antoni, and before he could put himself in a posture of defence, though in fact he was unarmed, they loaded him with chains. Zanetta, half dead with terror, threw herself at my feet, and, without the power of uttering a word, bedewed them with tears. This sight, which might have softened a famished tiger, redoubled my rage. I beheld in the tears of Zanetta only fresh proofs of her love and my dishonour. ' Perfidious wretch ! ' I exclaimed, ' it is not with tears the fury of an enraged lover can be assuaged—it is blood I require.'

"At these words Antoni uttered a dreadful cry ; and nearly breaking his chains, rushed forward like lightning, and seized Zanetta in his arms. 'Atrocious woman !' said he, it is not her blood ye shall shed : if you thirst for blood, behold my breast—glut yourself with mine ; but spare—ah ! spare this innocent.'

"I called to my people to separate them. Notwithstanding their entreaties, their cries, the incredible efforts they each made to prevent it, I was obeyed. Antoni exhausted, held forth his trembling hand to me—he raised his eyes, overflowing with tears—Zanetta turned hers towards me ; she made a painful effort to embrace my knees, and fell on the earth.

"Sword of justice, pierce my guilty heart !—Avenging thunder crush me ! I seized with one hand the flowing hair of my victim, and with the other, putting aside the veil which covered her bosom, I plunged my poinard to her heart !"

Here the senators, who had for some time sat motionless with horror at the recital of such horrid crimes, suddenly rose from their seats, as if by a convulsive movement, and then resumed them, pale with affright. Antoni swooned ; and Olympia, stung with remorse, shuddered at the remembrance of her crimes, and the

dreadful punishment that awaited her, fell into agonizing convulsions.

By order of the Tribunal she was conveyed to an adjoining apartment, and placed on a bed—Soon her features became deformed, and the livid colour of her cheeks announced that she was on the point of becoming the prey of death. Her bosom violently heaved ; her eyes looked with wild fury ; her lips were black and closed, and only articulated unintelligible blasphemies ; in short, after two hours of the most cruel torture, death, by cutting the blood-stained thread of her life, disappointed the scaffold of its right—Thus perished, at the age of twenty-eight, this celebrated beauty, once possessed of whatever could constitute human felicity—powerful attractions, enchanting graces, universal talents, and every gift Heaven could bestow.

So many endowments of mind and person became, through the influence of her uncontrolled passions, the means of her destruction. Consumed by an inextinguishable desire of pleasure, she pursued its phantoms through the bloody paths of guilt ; but it was in vain : there is no happiness for the wicked ; and love, which is the image of innocence, cannot exist independent of it.

Antoni revealed to the Tribunal what he further knew of the se-

crets which Olympia had carried with her to the grave. We have seen that this detestable woman was not satisfied with the murder of her rival—she had chained Antoni to Zanetta's dead body, which she had placed in a dark recess of the Cavern, under the guard of two monsters, of whom Ricardo was one; and from time to time she visited her victims, to offer him who still survived, what she called his pardon, that is to say, his liberty, provided he would espouse her.

Antoni had always rejected the offer with disdain. He was content with giving a clue to the discovery of his situation, by writing on the transparent leaves of his work, of which Olympia, as a favour, had brought him a copy; fortunately he had with him the means of availing himself of the opportunity, as he never explored the wonders of the Cavern, without previously providing himself with the materials for writing, in order that he might treasure up his remarks. He afterwards addressed, and with the consent of Olympia transmitted the book to the library of St. Mark, which abounded in treatises upon natural history.

Not to leave the reader ignorant of the least circumstance of this surprising adventure, it appeared that the very day Olympia was seized, was that which she had appointed either to obtain the con-

sent of Antoni, or put him to death. The same individuals among whom I had introduced myself to the Cavern, and who had escaped when Olympia was arrested, were discovered by means of the questions put to Ricardo, and were well known; the one as a priest, the others as bravos, who, in case the marriage had taken place, were to have been witnesses to it, and on the contrary event, were to have procured a less pacific means of relief to the wretched Antoni.

It is unnecessary to state that the most guilty of these wretches atoned by their lives for the crimes they had committed; the others were confined in dungeons, and some were sent to the galleys of the Republic.

The memory of Zanetta was publicly honored. Antoni, after having obtained the necessary assistance from the Tribunal, returned to Peschia to his old uncle, who supposed him dead. I, whom the tribunal honored with a degree, returned thanks to God, who had employed the weak hand of a mortal to punish those secret crimes which he alone had witnessed.

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PROVERBS.

He who will take no pains, will never build a house three stories high.

*I once had is a poor man.*



*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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THE ART OF PROCURING PLEASANT DREAMS.

*Messrs. Editors.*

If the following essay you should think of sufficient importance to claim a place in your paper, I would thank you to give it publicity, and hope it may be productive of much good.

As a great part of our life is spent in sleep, during which we have sometimes pleasing and sometimes painful dreams, it becomes of some consequence to obtain the one kind and avoid the other; for, whether real or imaginary, pain is pain, and pleasure is pleasure. If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If while we sleep, we can have any pleasing dreams, it is, as the French say, *tant gagne*, so much added to the pleasures of life.

To this end, it is in the first place necessary to be careful in preserving health by due exercise, and great temperance; for in sickness the imagination is disturbed, and disagreeable, sometimes terrible, ideas are apt to present themselves. Exercise should precede meals, not immediately follow them; the first promotes the latter, unless moderate, obstructs digestion. If after exercise we feed sparingly, the di-

gestion will be easy and good, the body lightsome, the temper cheerful, and all the animal functions performed agreeably. Sleep, when it follows, will be natural and undisturbed. While indolence, with full feeding, occasions the incubus and horrors ineffable; we fall from precipices, are assaulted by wild beasts, murderers and demons, and experience every sort of distress. Observe, however, that the quantities of food and exercise are relative things; those who move much may, and indeed ought to eat more; those who use little exercise, should eat little.—In general, mankind since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed as there is a great difference in constitutions, some rest well after these, meals; it costs them only a frightful dream, and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till dooms-day.—We frequently read in newspapers instances of people, who after eating a hearty supper, are found dead.

Another means of preserving health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed chamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come into you, is as unwholesome as the up-

changed air, often breathed of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive greater heat can escape : so living bodies do not putrify, if the particles, as fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and lungs, and in a free open air they are carried off: but in a close room, we perceive them again and again, though they become more and more corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room, thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal, as in the Hole of Calcutta.

A single person is said to spoil only a gallon of air a minute, and therefore requires a longer time to spoil a chamber full ; but it is done, however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders hence have their origin. It is recorded of Methusalem, who being the longest liver may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air. Physicians, after having for ages contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped that they may in time discover, that it is not hurtful to those who are in health ; and that we may be then cured of the aerophibia, that at present distresses weak minds, and make them choose to be stifled and poisoned, rather than leave open the windows of a

bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach.

Confined air, when saturated with perspirable matter, will not receive more ; and that must remain in our bodies and occasion diseases ; but it gives some previous notice of its being about to be hurtful, by producing certain uneasiness, slight indeed at first, such as with regard to the lungs is a trifling sensation, and to the pores of the skin a kind of restlessness which is difficult to describe, and few that feel it know the cause of it. But we may recollect, that sometimes, on waking in the night, we have if warmly covered, found it difficult to get asleep again. We often turn over and over without finding repose in any position. This fidgetiness, to use a vulgar expression for want of a better, is occasioned wholly by an uneasiness in the skin, owing to the retention of the perspirable matter—the bed clothes having received their quantity, and being saturated, refusing to take any more. To become sensible of this by an experiment let a person keep his position in the bed, but throw off the bed clothes, and suffer fresh air to approach the part uncovered of his body : he will then feel that part suddenly refreshed ; for the air will immediately relieve the skin, by receiving, licking up, and carrying off the load of perspirable matter that incommoded it. For every portion of cool air that ap-

proaches the warm skin, in receiving its part of that vapor, receives therewith a degree of heat that rarifies and render it lighter, when it will be pushed away with its burthen by cooler, and therefore heavier fresh air, which for a moment supplies its place, and then being likewise changed and warmed, gives way to a succeeding quality. This is the order of nature, to prevent animals being infected by their own perspiration. He will now be sensible of the difference between the part exposed to the air, and that which, remaining sunk in the bed, denies the air access; for this part now manifests its uneasiness more distinctly by the comparison, and the seat of the uneasiness is more plainly perceived than when the whole surface of the body was affected by it.

Here then is one great and general cause of unpleasant dreams—For when the body is uneasy the mind will be disturbed by it, and disagreeable ideas of various kinds will in sleep be the natural consequences. The remedies preventative, and curative, follow.

1. By eating moderately, (as before advised for health's sake) less perspirable matter is produced in a given time; hence the bed clothes receive it longer before they are saturated, and we may therefore sleep longer, before we are made uneasy by their refusing to receive any more.

2. By using thinner and more

porous bed clothes, which will suffer the perspirable matter more easily to pass through them, we are the less incommodated, such being longer tolerable.

3. When you are awakened by this uneasiness, and find you cannot get asleep again, get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed clothes well, with at least twenty shakes; then throw the bed open and leave it to cool; in the interim continuing undrest, walk about your chamber till your skin has time to discharge its load, which it will do sooner, as the air may be dryer and more algid.—When you begin to find the air disagreeable, then return to your bed, and you will soon calmly fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and delectable. All the scenes presented to your fancy will be of the pleasing kind. I am often as agreeably entertained with them as by the scenery of an opera. If you happen too indolent get out of bed, you may instead of it lift up your bed clothes with an arm or leg, so as to draw in a good deal of fresh air, and by letting them fall force it out again. This repeated twenty times, will so clear them of the perspirable matter that they have imbibed, as to permit your sleeping well for some time afterwards: but this latter method is not equal to the former.

Those who do not love trouble, and can afford to have two beds, will find great luxury in rising



when they wake in a hot bed, and going into a cool one. Such shifting of beds would also be of great service to persons ill of a fever, as it refreshes and frequently procures sleep. A very large bed that will admit of a removal so distant from the first situation as to be cool and sweet, may in a degree answer the same end.

One or two more observations will conclude this short essay.—Care must be taken when you lie down, to dispose your pillow so as to suit your manner of placing your head, and to be perfectly easy; then place your limbs so as not to bear inconveniently hard upon one another, as for instance, the joints of your ancles; for tho' a bad position may at first give but little pain, and may be hardly noticed, yet a continuance will render it less tolerable, and the uneasiness may come on while you are asleep and disturb your imagination.

These are the rules of art. But though they will generally prove effectual in producing the end intended, there is a case in which the most punctual observance of them will be totally fruitless. The case is when the person who desires to have pleasant dreams, has not been sufficiently on his guard to preserve what is necessary above all things—a good conscience.

FRANKLIN.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### TO CUPID.

Nothing, for some time past, has afforded me more pleasure than the recent communication from the regions where you are supposed to reside; for I am a wandering pilgrim through the chequered scenes of life, and thus far as I have past, occasionally have received a *few shots* from your bow, which, if has its designed effect, tempers our various inclinations with moderation and contentment, and ever thereafter renders life pleasant and agreeable; but experience has proved that your kind endeavours to inflict a wound upon me, has hitherto been ineffectual; and as I am extremely anxious to know the pleasing sensations and pains created by your dart, pray you will not make another attempt, unless armed with a bow, *not made by mortal hand*, but of the most elastic limb of the most fragrant tree, in your bower; mounted at each end, with the wings of a snow-white dove, strung with the finest fibers of a virgin's soul, a quiver made of the membrain of her heart, replete with arrows made of her tongue, bearded with wisdom, pointed with discretion, and dipt in the pearly tear of love, shed from beauty's eye.

If thus you are equipt, I shall still entertain some hope of re-

ceiving a wound, that will leave a scar, as a mark of your power, which when I behold, shall wake in my bosom a soft remembrance of your well wishes towards me, with gratitude and pleasure—otherwise be assured; if you draw your bow it will be in vain, and “I shall still have the presumption to doubt your power in bending me to your will.”

In the mean time yours, or  
would be, MORDEN.

P. S. Your conjectures relative to the author of the communication signed *Nuptial Ties*, are erroneous; instead of being a disappointed old maid, she is a *widow bewitched*. Pray bend your bow soon for her, or you will be too late. M.

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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*To the author of "NUPTIAL TIES."*

I contemplated, agreeable to my engagements on my return from the country, to have answered your communication in a very serious and ample manner, and endeavoured to have afforded an anecdote against that sickness of mind, which it seems my *soliloquy* has occasioned; but as you have received a shot from *Cupid's* bow, which in all probability has answered the same purpose, has at the same time, saved me the pleasure. Yours, &c.—Adieu.

MORDEN.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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TO H. C. H.

“The truest, tenderest love was mine,  
“What have I felt for thee?  
“The soft, the fondest words were mine,  
“Thou said'st thou lov'd but me.”

BY a piece published in the last number of the *Miscellany*, I perceive I am deserted. I know not what cause of offence I may have given that you should advertise for a wife. I thought every thing but a public declaration had made you mine. The tenderest, softest caresses, the sweetest music of thy lips, and the pleasing assurance of thy tongue were my delusive portion at our every interview; and our last, though not least, in every symptom that betrayed affection, seemed to be the precursor of a more intimate and lasting acquaintance. But it appears thy love for me, if thou ever hadst any, has vanished. Perhaps, being under an influence our sex are but too subject to, on account of overstrained professions from the male, I made myself too familiar. If that be the case, I think it shows an impoverished intellect in you; for if a young girl of my age cannot be lively, and joke and romp a little, with her sweetheart, then adieu to all courtship. Were all to be as pedantic and ceremonious as some of our sex, the society of old maids would be innumerable, to the great detriment of the soil, and the generating of population.



My dear Henry, you are in the wrong. If you have mistaken my gaiety and playfulness for levity and unthoughtfulness, I am sorry for it. You ought to have seen that those foibles, if I may give them that name, were only the effect of a lively imagination, and that the heart, as it was only a momentary participation, was not even tainted with or in the least addicted to coquetry. If, however, this gaiety or playfulness was disagreeable to you, or laid me open to the slanders of a censorious world, you as my friend, not to say lover, should have told me the fact, and chid me for it. You ought not to have deserted, clandestinely, one who tenderly loves you, and who, if she has committed a fault, and is made sensible of it, will make every possible reparation in her power.

You perceive, tho' you know I have cause sufficient to ruffle my temper, that I am cool and collected, and have refrained from tempting, in the least degree, to wound your feelings. This conduct I have deemed most judicious, as I have yet some hopes of reclaiming you. 'Tis true I am not displeased with you, but with myself, on my unaccountable weakness in listening to your adoring accents, breathing love and constancy, because I am half inclined to think they were most sincere, and that you took advantage of 'my too susceptible heart.'

By advertising you may, perhaps, get a wife with more beauty and money, but not one who has the same acquirements that I have, and that loves you with the same ardor and affection that I do.

Your unfortunate

KITTY.

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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## VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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A gentleman stepping into a public house in this city, called for a "nets tongue:" the landlord, being a German, told one of his waiters to serve the gentleman with a "*souze dounge*." "D—n it," exclaimed the former, in a passion, "I called for a beef's tongue." "Vell, vell, so it is *beeve's dongue*," replied the landlord, good naturedly, "but it be *souzed* too!"

LITTLE GEORGE-STREET:

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In a new raised corps, a soldier, lately observed to his comrade, who was an Irishman, that a *Corporal* was to be dismissed from the regiment. 'Faith, and indeed,' replied the Irishman, 'I hope it is the Corporal who is so troublesome in our company.'—'What is his name?' enquired the other; 'Why, *corporal punishment*, to be sure, my honey.'

## THE GOLDEN APOSTLES.

When his Prussian Majesty took possession of Prague, he was surveying one of the principal cathedrals, attended by one of the most dignified ecclesiastics, and perceiving the twelve Apostles in rich gold habits, he asked the priest what was the value of the gilding? "Sire," replied the priest, "they are solid gold."—"Gold!" answered his Majesty, "then the Apostles are put to a wrong use, for it was intended by their master they should travel all over the face of the earth for the public good, and behold in your church they are all confined; therefore, to fulfil their master's orders, I will have them immediately made into ducats, that they may travel over the face of the earth." So Alexander said of the beard of Æsculapius, that it was cruel to suffer his Godship to have one of gold in the winter, when wool was so much warmer.

A young apprentice to the shoe-making business, asked his master, what answer he should make to the often repeated question—"Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Tom!" said the master, "Why, tell them that I warrant them to prove good, and if they do not, I will make them good for nothing."

*An infallible cure for a FELON.*

Take a piece of rock salt, the size of a butter-nut, wrap it in a

green cabbage leaf, if to be had; if not, in brown gaper; lay it in hot embers and cover it up for 20 minutes: then take it out and powder it as fine as possible:—Take hard soap and mix the powdered salt with as much soap as will make a salve; if the soap has little turpentine in it, (which may soon be known by the smell,) then add a little. Apply the salve when made to the spot affected by the felon, and it will in a few hours, and sometimes in a few moments, remove the pain.

*Advice to a young Lady on her marriage—by an attached friend.*

The first thing necessary for the insurance of conjugal felicity, is to study the disposition of the man in whom your future happiness is reposed; and always endeavor to derive pleasure from those amusements which seem to afford the highest satisfaction to his breast. Home ought to be the centre of domestic happiness; and it is the wife's duty to make it both cheerful and sweet; for if your husband should naturally be of a roving disposition, you will increase the propensity by coldness or reproach. Always receive him with cheerfulness and good humour; and never omit any polite attention to his friends; for every civility you pay to those he is attached to, he will consider as a mark of affection to himself. Be

always elegant in your dress, but never expensive ; or, I would rather say, never suffer yourself to be profuse ; but your own good sense will tell you that this article ought entirely to be directed by the state of your husband's purse. In the management of your family, be regular to exactitude and always pay every bill yourself : by this means you will avoid many impositions ; for it will prevent tradespeople and servants from combining to cheat. Be kind, and even affectionate, to all your domestics ; but at the same time never suffer them to be guilty of the slightest disrespect. Let your conduct set them an example both of religion and morality ; and above all things, avoid the practice of running in debt. Cultivate those talents with which nature has endowed you, for the purpose of rendering your society more pleasing to the object of your choice ; for though beauty may, for a time, delight the eyes of a husband, it is mental qualifications alone which can insure the possession of his heart.

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#### FALL OF DUCKS.

About the beginning of May, the persons residing along the Welsh mountain and Conewago Hill, were astonished, on rising in the morning after a thunder storm, to observe large numbers of wild ducks unable to fly, on the ground, and in ponds of water. They were

taken by the people, from the junction of the Welsh mountain and Conewago hill, several miles along the Welsh mountain, and along the Conewago hill, as far as Colebrook Forge, within twenty miles of this place, (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.) They were of different sizes and kinds. The dam of Spring Grove forge, the seat of Cyrus Jacobs, Esq. in Lancaster county, was filled with them, and they were shot without difficulty. It remains for philosophers to account for this *fall of ducks*.

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#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

Not long since, a silly fellow observed to a friend of his, that his brother had removed to North Carolina, where it was very probable he would prosper, as he was a man possessed of good *talons*. No doubt, replied a wag, who was standing by ; he will, I dare say find considerable use for them, as there is a good deal of the *gouging* business carried on there.

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#### GOUT.

A new virtue is discovered in the loadstone. The severest fits of gout will, it is said, be cured, by the sufferer wearing a magnet enclosed in a flannel case next his skin.



A Clergyman lately took for his text these words—"The flesh, the world, and the devil"—and began his sermon in the following manner: "I shall just touch upon the flesh, pass lightly over the world, and hasten as fast as I can to the devil."

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"TORT" AND RETORT.

As a certain Right Honorable Lord, who is in the Irish list of Irish Barons, was lately shooting about the environs of his house in the country, and observed a gentleman of the neighbourhood in the field, hastily and insolently accosted him with a 'd——n you, sir, if ever I see you here again, I'll send you to H——.' To which the gentleman, with great coolness, instantly made this laconic and significant reply: 'If you do, my lord, I'll tell your *father* what a *fool* he has left behind him.'

This *rod for the fool's back*, accompanied by pungent pickle for the character of a wicked 'father,' came fresh from the tough old cask of 'mother wit.'

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'It happened during the war,' said Patrick, commencing his story—

'What war?' said one of the company.

'What war?' reiterated the old

man, striking the floor with his stick, and casting a furious look at the querist—'why, sir—that war which gave you liberty to think, speak and act—that war which defeated the machinations of a tyrant, built up the rights of humanity, and gave America a rank and a name among the nations of the earth.'

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THE VISIBLE GHOST.

While two men were employed in the interior of a family vault, about seven miles from Leeds, a meagre figure, black from head to foot, glided into the sepulchral mansion; the man whose eye first caught the spectre became instantly petrified with horror, his speech forsook him, and it was only by a vigorous effort that he could jog the elbow of his fellow, and point to the object of alarm. Like the shock of an electric spark, the terror was communicated by the touch; but the symptoms were not so strong in the second as in the first subject: taking courage, he addressed the ghost in a faltering accent, and said, "In the name of God, what is your errand to this world?" "I have no errand; I was going past and I thought I would look in." These grateful sounds instantly dispelled the illusion, and the workmen recognized in them the well known voice of a neighbouring chimney-sweep-er!!

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 4, 1810.

*The City Inspector reports the death of 46 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.—viz. 14 men, 7 women, 12 boys, and 13 girls.*

Dayton, (Ohio) June 28.

## MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

The following melancholy occurrence happened near Troy, Miami county, on Sunday the 17th inst. A boy between 9 and 10 years old, the son of Mr. Joseph Beedle, was found in an elm tree, suspended by the neck. It was supposed that in ascending the tree, and attempting to force himself between the trunk and a branch that grew almost perpendicular, he lost his foothold, and was caught by the neck between the trunk of the tree and the branch. One of his arms was confined, and being thus unable to extricate himself, his own weight soon choked him to death. The child's parents were at meeting about two miles off. His younger brothers were at the house, which was near; they heard the noise, and ran to the tree, and from thence to the meeting; but before the unhappy parents could come to his relief, their child was no more.

*Frost*—Letters from Chenango county, state that they experienced a severe frost on the night of the 18th ult. which had greatly injured the crops of corn. Ice in many

places was found the eighth of an inch thick.

The wife of Mr. Bellinger, a rope-maker of Monfieur, N. York, was delivered in March last of four daughters, all living, with the mother, and doing well.

Captain Porter, of the brig Triton, from the Isle of May, informs, that there had not been any rain for four years; in consequence of which all the Jackasses had died, and that all the salt was brought by human hands for a mile and a half.

On the 5th July, Dr. James Niblocks, a native of Ireland, but for six or seven years past an inhabitant of Brunswick county, Virginia, was shot, and instantly expired. The next day a coroner's inquest was held over the body—the jury found, that he came to his death by two bullets and a buck shot being fired in his left side or breast, from a gun or pistol, by some person to them unknown. A Mr. Benjamin Edmund was taken up on suspicion of having committed the murder, but no evidence appearing to authorise a commitment, he was discharged.

Francis Perry, post-rider between Staunton and Fauquier court house, Virg. has been committed to the Staunton gaol, upon the charge of robbing the mail.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Mr. Congecathawhachaga*, is inadmissible, for which he will readily perceive on perusing the errata of *Censor* in the 13th number of the *Miscellany*, as corrected.

We also take this opportunity to observe, which we would wish to be remembered, that criticisms upon compositions that have previously appeared in our paper, will be discontinued for the future, as we think they neither contribute to the amusement or instruction of our patrons.

## THE EDITORS.

## MARRIED,

On Monday evening, the 23d ult. *Mr. William W. Hyer*, silversmith, to *Miss Sarah Hagstaff*, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, *James Dewitt*, to *Miss Catharine Heyer*.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Richard Moore, *Andrew Graham*, Esq. of *Montgomery*, Orange county, to *Miss Hester Hardenbrook*, daughter of *Mr. Abel Hardenbrook*, of this city.

At New-Orleans, on the 14th of June, by the Rev. Philander Chase, *Beverly Chew*, Esq. of that city, to *Miss Maria T. Duer*, daughter of the late *Col. Wm. Duer*, of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, *Mr. Abraham S. Egerton*, to *Miss Martha Anderson*, daughter of *Col. Anderson*, all of this city.

At Granger, Dutchess county, by the Rev. Mr. Cobel, *Mr. William Allen*, aged 18, to *Miss Betsey Kells*, aged 11.

On Thursday evening, the 26th ult. at *Betville*, by the Rev. Mr. Sanford, *Mr. Jeremiah T. Brower*, son of *Mr. John Brower*, of this city, to *Miss Phoebe Dow*, daughter of the Rev. Mr. John Dow, of *Betville*, N. J.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Howe, *Wm. M. Johnson*, Esq. of N. Orleans, to *Miss Sarah Rice*, of Nova Scotia.

## DIED,

On the 17th June, *Mrs. Jane Kipph*, widow of *Capt. B. S. Kipph*, aged 32 years

On the 30th ult. in the 81st year of her age, *Mrs. Taneca Mandeville*, after a tedious illness, which she bore with christian resignation.

On the 25th March last, on his passage from *Havanna* to *Monte Veido*, *Mr. Samuel S. Taylor*, in the 26th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, *Mr. John Alexander*.

On the 29th July, *Mrs. Margaret Dwight*, aged 74 years, widow of the late *Capt. Joseph Dwight*.

In England, *Mr. Windham*, a distinguished member of the House of Commons. His death was occasioned by receiving a blow on the hip, which gave rise to an indolent tumor.





.....  
*For the Lady's Miscellany.*  
 .....

### COLINETTA.

*Written by an English Lady.*

TWAS when the fields had shed their  
 golden grain,  
 And burning suns had scar'd the russet  
 plain,  
 No more the rose nor hyacinth were  
 seen,  
 Nor yellow cowslips on the tufted green :  
 But the rude thistle wove its hoary  
 crown,  
 And the ripe nettle show'd an inksome  
 brown,  
 In mournful plight the tarnish'd groves  
 appear,  
 And nature weeps for the declining year,  
 The sun too quickly reach'd the western  
 sky,  
 And rising vapours hid his evening eye,  
 Autumnal threads around the branches  
 flew,  
 And the dry stubble drank the falling  
 dew,  
 In this sick season at the close of day,  
 On Lida's lap pale Colinetta lay,  
 Whose sallow cheeks had lost their rosy  
 dye,  
 And sparkles languish'd in her closing  
 eye,  
 Parch'd were those lips whence music  
 us'd to flow,  
 No more the flute her wearied fingers  
 knew :

Yet thrice to raise her feeble voice she  
 try'd,  
 Thrice on her tongue the fainting num-  
 bers dy'd :  
 At length reviv'd on Lidia's neck she  
 hung,  
 And like a swain expiring thus she sung :  
 Farewell ye forests, and delightful hills,  
 Ye flowr'y meadows, and ye chrystal  
 rills,  
 Ye friendly groves to whom we us'd to  
 run,  
 And beg a shelter from the burning sun :  
 Those blasted shades all mournfull as I  
 see,  
 Who droop their heads as if they wept  
 for me,  
 The pensive linnet has forgot to sing,  
 The lark is silent till returning spring,  
 The spring shall all these wonted charms  
 restore,  
 Which Colinetta must behold no more,  
 Farewell ye fields, my native fields adieu !  
 Whose fertile lays my early fingers  
 knew,  
 Where, when an infant, I was wont to  
 stray,  
 And gather king-cups at the close of day,  
 How oft has Lidia told a mournful tale,  
 By the clear lake that shines in yonder  
 vale,  
 When she had done, I sung a cheerful  
 lay,  
 While the glad goldfinch listin'd on the  
 spray,  
 Chear'd by my song, each jolly swain  
 drew near,  
 And rosy virgins throng'd around to  
 hear :  
 Farewell ye swains ! ye nymphs adieu !  
 Tho' I, unwilling, leave these fields and  
 you,  
 Still may sweet music bless your happy  
 shore,  
 But Colinetta you must hear no more,  
 O Lidia ! then if wayward tongue  
 should blame  
 My life, and blast a harmless virgin's  
 name,

Tell them, If e'er I found a stragg'ling  
ewe,  
Altho the master's name I scarcely  
knew,  
I fed it kindly with Father's hay,  
And gave it shelter at the close of day,  
I never stall young pigeons from their  
dams,  
Nor from their pastures drove my neigh-  
bour's lambs,  
Nor sent my dogs to drive their flocks  
away,  
That mine might graze upon the vacant  
hay ;  
When Phillida by dancing won the  
prize,  
Or Colin prais'd young Mariana's eyes,  
When Damon wedded Ursula of the  
grange,  
My cheeks with envy ne'er was seen to  
change,  
When e'er I saw Aminda cross the plain,  
Or walk the forest with her darling  
swain,  
I never wispered to a stander by,  
But hated scandal, and abhor'd a lie,  
On Sundays, I, as sister Sue can tell,  
Was always ready for the summons  
bell,  
honor'd both the sermon and the day,  
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me  
pray,  
Then sure for me there's something  
good in store,  
When Colinetta shall be no more.

.....

## HER WILL.

WHEN I am gone, I leave to sister Sue,  
My gown of Jersey and my apron blue,  
My studded sheep-hook Phillida may  
take,  
Like wise my hay-fork and my hale rake,  
My hoarded apples and my winter pears,  
Are thine, O Lidia, to reward thy cares,  
The nuts that late I pluck'd from yon-  
der tree,  
And this straw basket I bequeath to  
thee,

This basket did my dying fingers weave,  
My boxon flute to Coridon I give,  
And he shall charm the listening  
nymphs around,  
For none like him can make it sweetly  
sound,  
In our Church-yard there grows a  
spreading yew,  
Whose dark green leaves distills a bane-  
ful dew,  
Be those sad branches o'er my grave  
reclin'd,  
And let these words be graven on the  
rind :

## THE EPITAPH.

MARK, gentle readers, underneath this  
tree  
Here sleeps a maid, old Simon's daugh-  
ter she,  
Then too, perhaps, e'er many weeks  
are o'er,  
Like Collinetta must be seen no more.  
  
Here ends the maid; for now the scene  
of death,  
Closed her pale lips and stopt her vital  
breath,  
Her sinking eye-balls took this long  
adieu,  
And with a sigh, her harmless spirit  
flew.

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